A Woman Intervenes.

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CHAPTER V. John Kenyon, deserted by his only friend on board, made no comptaint, nor did he endeavor to make up for his loss by finding new acquaintances. He was not a man who formed friend hips readily, but fate was kind to him, and had atready set about adjusting the balance of profit and less; moreover late, who likes to do things in a fitting menner, used the deserter as an

Westworth's conscience seemed to be troubling him because he left his old friend so much slone going East, whereas they had been constantly together on the trip Westward; therefore he considered

trip Westward; therefore he considered it his duty to make an apology to Ketyon every morning, before placing himself for the rea of the any under the fascinat-ing influence of Miss Brewster.

"There is nothing you wish to talk with me about, is there, Kenyon," asked Went-worth on one of these occasions, looking down at his friend scated in his deck

Nothing, whatever."

Then you don't mind—"
"Not in the least," interrupted Kenyon, with a smile.

ing about our noise, you know, so that you will be ready to open the campaign when we reach London. Tainking which is worth anything is best done in solltude, Kenyon, so I will not bether you for an hour or two."

ACTUR Kenyon and all her made to the control of Again Kenyon smilled, but made no re-

away.

"I am a mining engineer," answered Kenyon with some surprise.

"Did you go out to Conada to report on mines there for the London syndicate?"

"Why do you ask?" said Kenyon, all his native caution being aroused in a moment, on hearing the associating question.

The eiderly gentleman laughed, "because I am, in a measure, responsible for you," he said. "I am Mr. Longworth—John Longworth of the City—and a member of the London syndicate. Two names were proposed, Scotton's and yours. I voted for you, not that I knew enghing about you, but some of the others seemed very anxions that Scotton should go, so I thought it best to vote for you. Therefore, you see, as I said before. I am partly responsible for said before. I am partly responsible for your being here."

"I hope you will not be dissatisfied with the result, Mr. Longworth."
"I hope not myself. I can see that you are a cautious man, and those who recom-mended you wonched for your capabilities, so with caution and capacity a man should succeed. I intended to visit the proper-ties, but I was detained so long in the West that I did not have time to go North. How did you find the mines?"
"Since you complimented me on my

"Since you complimented me on my caution. Mr. Longworth, I should be sorry to forfeit your guadopinion by answering your question."

"Quite right; quite right," said the elderly gentleman, hogbing again. "That's one for you, and a very good one, too, I must tell that to my daughter; and here she comes. Edits, my dear this but. she comes. Edith, my dear, this is Mr. Kenyon, who went out to examine our names. Currous, isn't it, that we should have been talking about them this very morning? Mr. Kenyon, I call my daughter my confidential man of business; she has been all over the world with me. I never page any investments without connever make any investments without con

never make any investments without consulting her, so I warn you that she will ask you more fresidious questions about the mines than I shall."

John Kenyon had risen to his feet to great the girl, and to ofter her his chair.

"No, thank you," she said. "I want to walk I merely came to see if my father was all right. I was very much disappointed that we did not go to Canada this time, as I wished to see something of the snowshoring and tobogganing there. I suppose there was no tobogganing where you were?"

"Oh, yes," said Kenyon; "even out

Oh, yes," said Kenyon; "even out among the mines they had a toboggan slide, on which one trip satisfied ne, and on averal journeys I had to wear show-shoes myself."

the next thing John knew he was walking the deck with her, relating his experiences. This walk was the first of many, and from that time forward Kenyon did not miss his friend Wentworth.

Edith Longworth can hardly be called tenial representative of the English girl she had not the training of the average English girl. She had lost her mother in early life, which makes a great difference in a girl's training, however wealthy her father may be, and Edith's father was wealthy-there was no coabt of that Ask any city man about the standing of John Longworth, and you will learn that the "house" is well thought of. People said he was locky, but John Long-worth asserted that there was no such thing

as lick in business—in which statement he was very likely not correct. He had large was very likely not correct. He had large investments in almost every quarter of the globe. When he went into a thing he went into it thoroughly. People talk of the inadvisability of putting all one's eggs into one basket, but John Longworth was a believer in doing that very thing—and in watching the basket. Not that he had all his eggs in one basket, or in even one kind of a basket, but when John Longworth was satisfied with the particular. worth was satisfied with the particular variety of basket presented to him, he put a large number of eggs in it. When any thing was affered for investment—whether it was a mine, a brewery, or a railway— John Longworth took an expert's opinion upon it, and then the chances were that he gid disregard the advice given. He was world for the sole purpose of looking the

When Edith Longworth was pronounced finished as far as education was concerned, she became more and more the companion of her father. She went with him on his long journeys, and so had been several times journeys, and so had been several times to America, once to the Cape, and one long voyage, with Australia as the objective point, and taken her completely around the world. She inherited much of her father's shrewdness, and there is no doubt that if Miss Longworth had been cust upon her resources, she would have become an excellent woman of business. She knew exactly the extent of business. She knew exactly the extent of her father's investments, and she was his confidante in a way that few women are with their male relatives. The old man had great faith in Edith's opinion, although he rarely a cknowledged it. Having been together so much on such long voyages they maturally became, in a way, boon companions. Thus Edith's education was very unlike that of the ordinary English girl; a training which caused her to develon into a training which caused her to develon into a training which caused her to develop into

different kind of a woman than she would have been if her mother had lived.

The friendship between Edith Longworth and John Kenyon ripened so rapidly that on the day Wentworth had his last discountered to the control of the day wentworth had his last discountered to the control of the day wentworth had his last discountered to the control of the day wentworth had his last discountered to the control of the day wentworth had his last discountered to the control of the day wentworth had his last discountered to the control of the day wentwo the control of quieting interview with Jonnie Brewster, they also were discussing mining properties, but in somewhat different fashion. Ken-yon confided to the girl that his own hopes and fears were wrapped up in a mine. After completing their work for the London Synderte the

and which the owners were anxious to sell. The mine was owned by the Austrian Mining Company, whose agent, Von Brent, had net Kenyon in Ottswa. Kenyon's educated eye had told him that the white mineral they were placing on the dump at the mouth of the mine was more valuable than the mice for which they were mining. Kenyon was scrupulously honest—a quality somewhat at a discount in the mining business—and it seemed to him harily fair that he should take advantage of the ignorance of Von Brent regarding the mineral on the dump.

Wentworth looked up at him. "Everything has happened," he answered.

"What do you mean, George? Are you lift? What is the matter with you?"

"I am worse than ili, John; a great

coming his friend's scruples. He insisted that knowledge always had to be paid for, in he w, nectame, or mineralogy, assitherefore that they were perfectly justified in profiting by their superior wiscom. So it came about that the young men took to England with them a three months' option on the mine, which means that for three months they were to have the privilege of buying the property at a certain figure

buying the property at a certain figure named in the legal document which was called in the mining language the "option." "Well, I am sure," said Moss Longworth, when Kenyon had given her all the details, "if you are confident that the mine is a good one, you could see no one who would help you more in that way than my father. He has been looking at a brewery business in which he thought of investing, and with which he has concluded to have nothing to do, so he will be anxious to find something reliable to take its place. How much would be presented in the control of the would be required for the purchase of the mine you mention?"

mine you mention?"
"I thought of asking £50,000 for it,"
said Kenyon, limbing as he thought of his
temerity in doubling the price of the mine,
and adding £10,000 to it. However, Wentworth and he had estimated the probable
value of the mine, and had concluded that
selling it at that price, which would give
them £30,000 to divide between them,
they were selling a mine which was really
worth very much more, and that would worth very much more, and that would soon pay tremendous dividends on the £50,000. He expected the young woman would seem rather impressed by the amount. He was, therefore, very much surprised when she said:

"Fifty thousand pounds! Is that all! Then I am airaid my father would have nothing to do with it. He deals only with large businesses, and a company with a capital of bot 250,000 I am sure be would not look at."

Again Kenyon stoned, but made no reply, and Wentworth departed.

The eiderly gentleman whose chair was next to Kenyon's, looked round at the young man when his friend mentioned the mine and his name.

"Are you Mr. Kenyon, the mining expert" he asked, when Wentworth walked "I will speak to my father, if you like.

"I will speak to my father, if you like,

idiot."

"Admitting that—what then?"

"I trusted a woman—imbecile that I am; and now—now—I'm what you see me."

"Has—has Miss Brewster anything to do with it?" asked Kenyon suspiciously.

"She has everything to do with it."

"Has she—rejected you, George?"

"What! that girl? Oh, you're the idiot now. Do you think I would ask her?"

"I can not be blamed for jumping at conclusions. You must remember 'that girl,' as you call her, has had most or your company during this voyage; and most company during this voyage; and most of your good words when you were not with her. What is the matter? What has she to do with your trouble?"

Weatworth paced up and down the marrow limits of the state room as if he were

caged. He smote his hand against his thigh, while Kenyon looked at him in

wonder.
"I don't see how I can tell you John."
he said. "I must, of course; but'I don't
know how I can."

"Come on deck with me."
"Never."
"Come out, I say, into the fresh air.
It is stuffy here, and, besides, there is more danger of being overheard in the state-room than on deck. Come along, old state-moon than on deck. Come along our fellow." He caught his companion by the arm, and partly dragged him out of the room, closing the door behind him. "Puil yourself together," he said. "A little fresh air will do you good."

They made their wa ylo the deck, and linking arms walked up and down. For a long time Went worth said nothing, and Kenyon had the tact to hold his peace. Suddenly Went worth noticed that they were pacing back and forth in front of Miss Brewster, so he continued his walk around to the other side of the said. "You remember Rivers, of course?"
"Certainly."
"It suppose it is a vite sheet. I don't remember ever seeing it. Yes, I know he was connected with that paper. Wheether? What has Miss Brewster to do with Rivers."



"Edith, dear, this is Mr. Kenyon, who went out to examine our mines."

but I doubt if it would do much good. Per-

but I doubt if it would do much good. Per-haps William might take it up. You have not met met my cousin yet. I think?"
"No. Is he the young man who sits next to you at table?"
"Yes. Except when there, he spends most of his time to the smoking-room, I believe. He is in father's office in the city, and we are both very anxious that he shall succeed in business. That is why father took him with to America. He wants to interest him, and it seems almost impossible to interest William in anything. He doesn't like Amer-ica; I think it's the beer." "I didn't like their beer, myself," admitted

Well, I shall arrange a meeting between you and William, and then you can talk it over. I know father would be pleased if he became interested in forming a mining company, or in anything, in fact.

After Edith Longworth left him Ken-yon waited where he was for some time, hoping Wentworth would ome along, so that he might tell him of their possible new partner; but the young man did not appear. At last Kenyon rose and began to scarch for him. He passed along the to search for him. He passed along the deck, but found no trace of his friend. He looked for a moment into the smoking-room, but Westworth was not there. He went down-stairs to the saleson, but his search below was equally fruitless. Com-ing up on deck again, he saw Miss Brew-ster sitting alose reading a paper-covered novel.

he asked the young woman. She laid the book, open-faced, upon her lap, and looked quickly up at Kenyon be

fore answering.

"I saw him not very long ago, but I don't know where he is now. Perhaps you will find him in his stateroom; in fact, I think it more than likely he is there." With that Miss Brewster resumed

her reading.

Kenyon descended to the state room and



"George, that woman is a friend."

opened the door. Wentworth sat upon the plush-coveredsofa, withhis head inhishands. At the opening of the door he started and lookedfor a moment athis friend, apparently not seeing him. His face was se grey and ghasty that Kesyon placed his hand against the wall for support as he saw it.

"My Godf George," he cried, "what's the matter with you? What has happened? Teil me."

Wentworth gazed in front of him with glassy eyes for a moment, but did not answer. Then his head dropped again in his hands, and he groaned asous.

"Teil me what has happened?" repeated

"She is one of the Argus staff, too." "George Wentworth, you don't mean to tell me that!"

"I do."
"And is she here to find out about the mine?"
"Exactly. She was put on the job after "George!" said Kenyon, suddenly dropping his companion's arm, and facing him.
"What have you told her?"
"There is the misery of it. I have told

her everything."
"My dear fellow, how could you be

"Oh, I know-I know. I know everything you would say. Everything you can say, I have said to myself, and ten times more and ten times worse. There is nothing you can say of me more bitter than what I think about myself."

"Did you tell her anything about my re-"I told her everything, everything! Do ou understand? She is going to telegraph you understand? from Queenstown the full essence of our re of both our reports.

"Heavens! this is fearful. Is there no way you would try to prevent her sending h?" "If you think you can prevent her, I

wish you would try it."
"How did you find it out? Did she tell

"Oh, it doesn't matter how I found it out. "Oh, it doesn't matter now i loans it out. I I did find it out. A man told me who she was; then I asked her, and she was perfectly frank about it. She read me the report

even."
"Read it to you?"
"Yes, read it to me, and punctuated it in
my presence—put in some words that I suggested as being better than those he had used. Oh, it was the coolest piece of work

you ever saw." "Butthere must be some way of preventing "Butthere must be some way of preventing her getting that account to New York in time. You see, all we have to do is to wire your people to hand in our report to the directors, and then her report is forestabled. She has to telegraph from a British office, and it seems to me that we could stop her to some way."

in some way."
"As for instance, how?" "Oh. I don't know, just how at the moment, but we ought to be able to do it. If it was a man, we could have him arrested as a dynamiter or something; but a woman, of course, is more difficult to deal with. George, I would appeal to her better nature

I were you."

Wentworth laughed sneeringly.
"She hasn't Wentworth laughed sneeringly.

"Better nature!" he said. "She hasn't any; and that is not the worst of it. She has 'calculated,' as she calls it, all the possibilities in the affair. She 'calculates' that we will reach Queenstown about Saturday night. If we do, she will get her report through in time to be published on unday in the New York Argus. If that is the case, then see where our telegram will be. We telegraph our people to send in the report. It reaches the office Saturday night and is not read. The office closes at 2 o'clock; but even if they got it, and understood the urgency of the matter, they could not place the papers before the directors until Monday morning, and by Monday morning it will be in the London financial sheets."

"George, that woman is a fiend."

"George, that woman is a flend." "No, she isn't, John. She is merely a clever American journalist, who thinks

she has done a very clever good piece of work, indeed, and who, through the stupidity of one man, has succeeded, that's all." "Have you made any appeal to her

"Have you made any appeal to her at all?"

"Oh, haven't I? Of course I have. What good did it do? she merely laughed at me. Don't you understand? That is what she is here for. Her whole voyage is for that one purpose; and it's not likely the woman is going to forego her triumph after having succeeded—more especially as somebody else in the same office has failed. That's what gives additional zest to what she has done. The fact that Rivers has failed and she has succeeded, seems to be the great feather in her cap."

"Then." said Kenyon, "I'm going to appeal to Miss Brewster myself."

"Very well. I wish you joy of your job."

fellow. Meanwhile, I want to be alone somewhere."

Wentworth went dewn the stairway that led to the steerage department, and for a few moments and among the steerage passengers. Then he climbed up another ladder, and got to the very front of the ship. Here he saip down on a coil of rope, and thought over the situation. Thinking, however, did him very little good. He realized that, even if he got hold of the paper Miss brewarer had, she could easily write out another. She had the facts in her head, and all that she needed to do was to get to a telegraph office, and there write out her disease.

Meanwhile Kenyontook a few turns up and

Meanwhile Kenyon took a few turns upand down the deck funking deeply on the same subject. He pressed over to the side where Mass Brewster sat, but on coming opposite her had not the courage to take his place beside her. She was caimly read his place beside ser. She was carmly reading her book. Three times he came opposite her, paused for a moment, and then continued his hopeless march. Hera with a this courage was not going to be sufficient for the task and yethe feit the task untail be accomplished. He didn't know how to begin. He didn't know what inducement to offer the young woman for foregoing the fruits of her in-genuity. He felt that this was the weak point in his armor. The third time he paused in front of Miss Brewster; she looked

up and notioned him to the chair beside her, saying:
"I don't know you very well, Mr. Ken-yon, but I know who you are. Won't you sit down beside me for a moment?" The invitored man sat down on the chair she

innected.

Ar. Kenyon, I know just what to irrabling you. You have passed three or four times wishing to sit down beside me and yet afraid to venture. Is that not true?"

not true?"
"Quite true."
"I knew it was. Now I know also what you have come for. Mr. Wentworth has told you what the trouble is. He has told you that he has given me all the particulars about the mines, hasn't he?"

"He has."

"And he has gone off to his stateroom to think over the motter, and has left the affair in your hands, and you imagine you can come here to me and, perhaps, talk me out of sending that dispatch to The Argus. Isn't that your motive?"

"That is about what I hope to be able to do, "saik Kenyon, mopping hisbrow.

"Well, I thought I might just as well put you out of your misery at once. You take things very seriously, Mr. Kenyon, I can see that. Now don't you?"

"I am afraid I do."

"Wuy, of course you do. The publication

"Why, of course you do. The publication of this, as I told Mr. Wentworth, will really not matter at all. It will not be any reflection oneither of you, because your friends will be sure that if you had known to whom you were talking, you would never have said anything about the mines." Kenyon smiled grimly at this piece of

"Now I have been thinking about some-thing since Mr. Wentworts went away. I am really-very sorry for him. I am more sorry than I can tell."

sorry than I can tell."
"Then," said John, "won't you."
"No, I won't, so we needn't recur to that phase of the subject. That is what I am here for, and, no inafter what you say, the dispatch is going to be sent. Now it is better to understand that at first, and then it will create to trouble afterwards bon't you think that is the best?" "Probably," answered the wretened

man.
"Well, then, let us start there. I will say in the cuberrian that the information comes from neither Mr. Kenyon nor Mr.

"Yes, but that wouldn't be true."
"Why, of course it wouldn't be true, but that doesn't matter does it?"
"Well, on our kide of the water," said Kenyon, "we think that the truth does better."

better."

Miss Brewster laughed heartily. "Dear me," she said, "what little that you have. How does it concern you whether it is true or not. If there is any falsehood it is not you who tells it, so you are free from all blame. Indeed, you are free from all blame, in this affair, it is all your friend Wentworth's fault, but still, if it hadn't been Wentworth, it would have been you."

Kenves looked up at her increditionals.

Kenyon looked up at her incredulously. "Oh, yes, it would," she said, nodding considently at him. "You must not flatter your self because Mr. Wentworth told me every thing about it, that you wouldn't have done just the same, if I had to find it out from you. All men are pretty much alike where women are concerned."
"Can I say nothing to you. Miss Brewstor,

"Can I say nothing to you, also network, which will keep you from sending the suessage to America?"
"No you cantot. Ithought we had settled that at the beginning. I see there is no use talking to you. I will return to my book, which is very interesting. Good morning, Mr. Kenyon."

ject quite as much as Wentworth had done, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he wandered disconsolately up

and down the deck. As he went to the other side of the ceck. he met Miss Longworth walking alone. She smiled a cordial welcome to him, so he turned and changed his step to suit hers. "May I walk with you a few minutes?"

he said.
Certainly," was the reply. "What is the matter? You are looking very unhappy,"
"My contrade and myself are in great trouble, and I thought I would like to talk with you about it."
"I am sure if there is anything I can do to help you, I shall be most glad to do it."
"Perhans you may suggest something. You see two men dealing with one woman perfectly helpless."
"Ab, who is the one woman—not I is it?"

"Ab, who is the one woman-not I is it?" "No, not you, Miss Longworth. I wish
It were, then we would have no trouble."
"Oh, thank you."
"You see it is like this: When we were
in Quetes:—I think I told you about that—

The New York Argus sent a man to find out what we had reported, or were going to report, to the London Syndicate." "Yes, you told me that."

"Rivers was his name. Well, this same paper, finding that Rivers had failed after having stolen the documents, has tried a much more subtle scheme, which promises to be much more successful. They have put on beard this ship a young woman, who has gained a reputation for learning secrets not intended for the public. This young woman is Miss Brewster. tic. This young women is Miss Brewster, who sits next Wentworth at the table. Fate seems to have played right into her hand and placed her beside him. They became acquainted, and, unfortunately, my friend has told her a great deal about the mines, which she seems to have an interest in. Or futher, she pretended to have an interest in lim, and so be spoke, being, of course? off his guard. There is no more careful-fellow in the world than George Wentworth, but a man does not expect that, a private conversation not expect that a private conversation with a lady will ever appear in a news-

with a lady will ever appear in a newspaper."
"Naturally not."
"Very well; that is the state of things.
In some manner Kentworth came to know
that this young woman was the special
correspondent of the New York Argus.
He spoke to her about it, and she is perfectly frank in saying she is here solely for
the purpose of finding out what the reports
will be, and the moment she gets to Queenstown she will cable what she has discovered to New York."

ered to New York?"
"Dear me, that is very perplexing. What have you done?"
"We have done nothing so far, or, rather. "We have done nothing so far, or, rather.

I should say, we have done everything we could think of and accomplished nothing.

Wentworth has appealed to her, and I made a clumsy attempt at an appeal also, but it was of no use. I feel my own helpiessness in this matter, and Wentworth is completely broken down over it."

There well bed we have the dook in

They walked up and down the deck in silence for two or three turns. Then Miss Longworth looked up at Kenyon and said: "Will you place this matter in my hands?" "Will you place this matter in my handa?"
"Certainly; if you will be so kind as to take any interest in it."

"Itake a great deal of interest. Of course, you know my father is deeply concerned in it, also, so I am acting in a measure for him."
"Have you any plan?"
"Yes, my plan is simply this: The young woman is working for money, now, if we can offer her more than her paper gives, she will very quickly accept, or I am much mistaken in the kind of woman she is."

"Ah, yes," said Kenyon; "but we haven't the money, you see."
"Never mind, the money will be quickly

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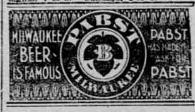
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it. I am sure that can be arranged."

Kenyon thanked her, looking his gratitude rather than speaking it, for he was an unsteady man, and she bade him good by until she could think over her plan.

That evening there was a tap at the state-room door of Miss Jennie Brewster.

"Come in," cried the young woman.

Miss Longworth entered, and the occupant of the room looked up, with a frown, from her writing.

"May I have a few moments' conversation with you?" asked Miss Longworth.

(To be continued.) it. I am sure that can be arranged

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cember, 67a67 t-4; steamer No. 2 red, 62 t-4a62 t-2-receipts, 11,203 bushels; shipments, 8,600 bushels; stock, 549,651 bushels—auntarn wheat by sample, 66a 66 t-2; do on grade, 63 t-4a66 t-4. Comstendy—spot, 37 3-4a37 7-8; month, 37 t-4 a57 t-2. November, newand old, 35a35 t-4; rear, 33 3-4a34; January, 33 3-4a33 7-8—receipts, 31,874 bushels stock, 297 rec ns7 1-2; November, new and old, 35a 35 1-4; year, 33 3-4a34; January, 33 3-4a33; 7-8-recepts, 31 3-54 bushels; stock, 287.766 bushels—southern white corn, 36a 37; do, yellow, 37 1-2a 38, 1-2. Gats steady, but inclined to lower prices—No. 2 White western, 26 1-2a 27; No. 2 mixed, 22a 23 1-2 receipts, 23 0.04 bushels; stock, 162, 840 bushels, 25 0.04 bushels, stock, 162, 840 bushels, 25 0.04 bushels, stock, 162, 840 bushels, 164 bushels, 165 bus

New York Stock Market. Furnished by Frank Wilson Brown, broker,

1335 F street. On Rich Low Close

310 armers and Mechanics' 18774 140 101 Uhio..... SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COT.
Nat Safe Deposit & Trust
Wash Loan & Trust
Am Socurity & Trust
Wash Safe Deposit Washington and Georgetown. GAS AND ELEC LIGHTSTOCK.
Washington Gas.
U. S. Electric Light.
INSURANCE STOCKS Wash Brick Co.

Ivy City Brick
Lincoln Hall 65
Inter-OceanBuilding 87
Merganthaler Linotype 219
*Ex Dividend.

Chicago Board of Trade. Op's High Low. December... May...... Conne 60% 64% December...

Nay

OATE

December...

Post: 2014 2014 2014 2134-24 2134-24 2134 1814